



BATTLEFIELD ACTION

DECEMBER

RIP-SNORTING COMBAT TALES

Battlefield Action

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

A Charlton
Publication

10¢

CRRRAK

NINGGGGGPPPTOOOWW

NICHOLAS
ALANCA



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

My Pal!

Win
\$100
as I
just
did!

YOU CAN
WIN
a BIG 15"
SILVER CUP
as I just did!
with YOUR
NAME
engraved
on it!



JIM NORMAN

AFTER

He Mailed Coupon
Below is Cleveland

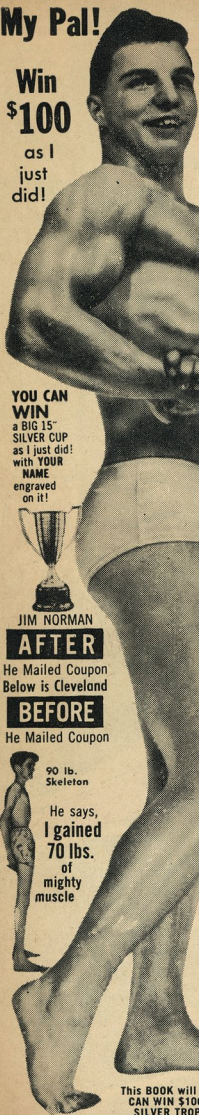
BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon



90 lb.
Skeleton

He says,
I gained
70 lbs.
of
mighty
muscle



Stop being a SKINNY Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES of FUN A DAY YOU CAN DO ALL I DID

GAIN 25 lbs. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES all over!

IMPROVE YOUR HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%

WIN NEW STRENGTH

for money-making work!
for WINNING at all SPORTS!

WIN NEW POPULARITY

WIN NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS
NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS



How did I do ALL This? I
mailed the Coupon and got
These **5** PICTURE-PACKED
HE-MAN COURSES

Which YOU can NOW get FREE

BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK
Millions Sold for \$1.



"I gained
60 lbs. of
muscles..."

says
John
Sill.

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY CHEST

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

"I added
7 inches
to my
CHEST
3 inches
to each
ARM..."
says
Jobbie
Jackson

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY ARM

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY BACK

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY GRIP

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

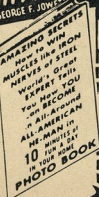
HOW TO MOLD
MIGHTY LEGS

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

Mail the
"ALL
FREE"
coupon
get this
"AMAZING
SECRETS"
Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL,
ACT, like A Real
HE-MAN! Win Women
and Men Friends
Win in Sports!
Win Promotion,
Praise, Popularity.

This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU
CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)



GET
ALL 5
FREE



1

3

4

5

"I'm
PROUD
to be
seen
with
Jim
NOW!
Every-
body
admires
his build," says Nellie.
"Jim can lift the front
of a 2700 lb. car.
He amazes his friends!"

You'll be
A Real
ATHLETE
in ALL
SPORTS
Soon
after
YOU
mail
Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER
in ALL SPORTS NOW.
YOU will be, too, soon.

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did
and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby
you are I'll make you OVER by the
SAME method I turned myself from a
wreck to the strongest of the strong.
Why can't I do for you what I did for
MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows
like YOU?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY
MUSCLE added to your ARMS and
CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS
broadened. From head to heels you'll
gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A
WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

"Congratulations,
John! At last you
mailed the coupon
as EVERY MAN
should. Soon YOU'll
be as big and strong
as I am,"
says Jim Norman
to John Luckus



LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100. etc.

JOWETT INSTITUTE

Dept. CH-89

220 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

Dear George: Please mail me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest; 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm; 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip; 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back; 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One
Volume. "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s)

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

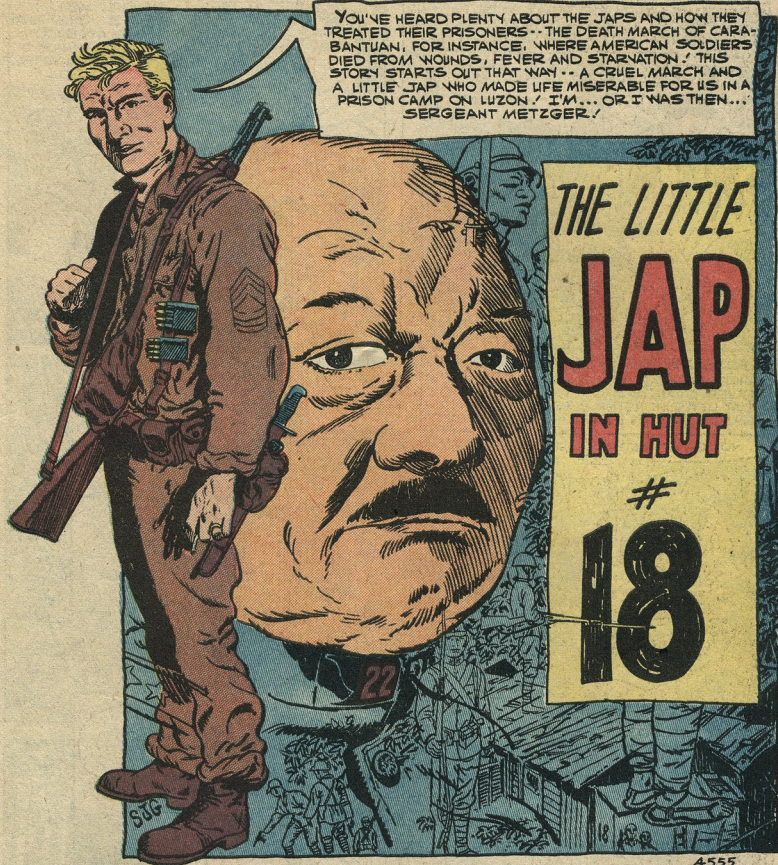
BATTLEFIELD ACTION

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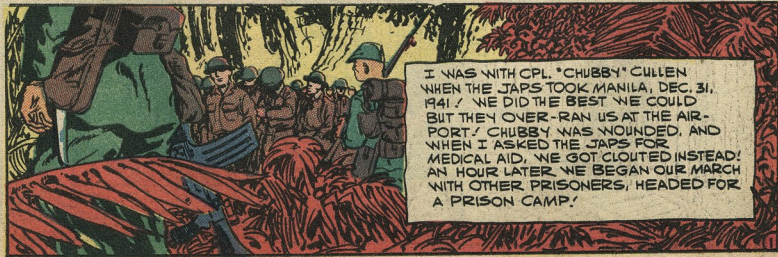
BATTLEFIELD ACTION



YOU'VE HEARD PLENTY ABOUT THE JAPS AND HOW THEY TREATED THEIR PRISONERS--THE DEATH MARCH OF CARABANTUAN, FOR INSTANCE, WHERE AMERICAN SOLDIERS DIED FROM WOUNDS, FEVER AND STARVATION. THIS STORY STARTS OUT THAT WAY--A CRUEL MARCH AND A LITTLE JAP WHO MADE LIFE MISERABLE FOR US IN A PRISON CAMP ON LUZON. I'M... OR I WAS THEN... SERGEANT METZGER.

THE LITTLE JAP IN HUT # 18

4-555



I WAS WITH CPL. "CHUBBY" CULLEN WHEN THE JAPS TOOK MANILA, DEC. 31, 1941. WE DID THE BEST WE COULD BUT THEY OVER-RAN US AT THE AIR-PORT. CHUBBY WAS WOUNDED, AND WHEN I ASKED THE JAPS FOR MEDICAL AID, WE GOT CLOUTED INSTEAD! AN HOUR LATER, WE BEGAN OUR MARCH WITH OTHER PRISONERS, HEADED FOR A PRISON CAMP.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEIR IDEA WAS -- THEY MARCHED US NORTH FOR EIGHT DAYS, PASSING OTHER PRISON CAMPS ENROUTE! CHUBBY WAS WEAK -- HE WANTED TO JUST LIE DOWN AND GIVE UP...

LEMME STAY HERE, SARGE! I KNOW WHAT THEY'LL DO!



I'LL KEEP HIM GOIN' JUNIOR! KEEP THAT BAYONET AWAY FROM MY BUDDY OR I'LL WRAP IT AROUND YOUR NECK!

序 序 序

THAT LITTLE JAP WAS ALWAYS IN OUR HAIR AFTER THAT -- THE OTHER GUARDS SHOT PRISONERS WHO DROPPED OUT... OUR LITTLE MONSTER WASN'T THAT WAY! HE SEEMED TO ENJOY DRIVING US ON, HE WOULDN'T LET US QUIT...

YOU CAN'T QUIT NOW, CHUB! HE WON'T LET YOU!

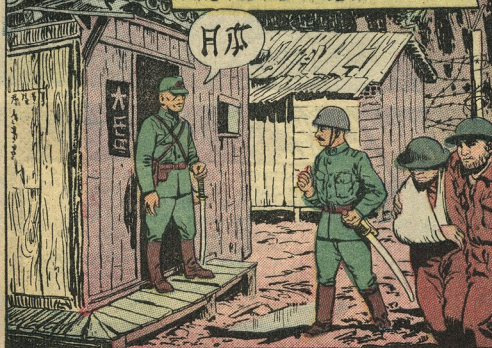


IF I EVER GET THE CHANCE, I'LL TIE THE LITTLE CREEP INTO KNOTS!



THE CREEP PRODDED US ON, GRINNING ALL THE WHILE...

日本



I'LL GET EVEN, BUSTER! SOMEDAY I'LL GET MY CHANCE!



BATTLEFIELD ACTION

I SAW HIM CHANGE -- HE LOST THE GRIN AND STEPPED TOWARD ME, DRIVING HIS FIST TOWARD MY JAW! THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER ...

YOU HAD ME SCARED FOR AN HOUR OR SO, BUDDY! HE HIT YOU HARD!

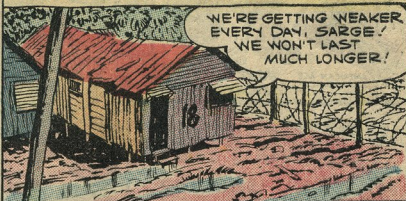
I HATE THAT LITTLE CREEP, CHUBBY!



I THINK HE SAVED YOUR LIFE, SARGE! THE JAP OFFICER SAW YOU RAISING YOUR FIST AT HIM... HE WAS ABOUT TO SHOOT YOU WHEN THE CREEP PUT YOU DOWN!



SIX MONTHS DRAGGED BY -- AT FIRST, I WAS SURE A MIRACLE WOULD HAPPEN AND WE'D BE LIBERATED! I WAS SURE GENERAL MAC ARTHUR WOULD BE BACK IN A HURRY...



WE'RE GETTING WEAKER EVERY DAY, SARGE! WE WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER!

YEAH, I KNOW! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THE ESCAPE ATTEMPT TONIGHT! TELL LES AND HIS GANG WHEN WE LINE UP FOR RICE AT NOON! AND, IT'LL BE MY PLEASURE TO HANDLE THE CREEP **PERSONALLY!**

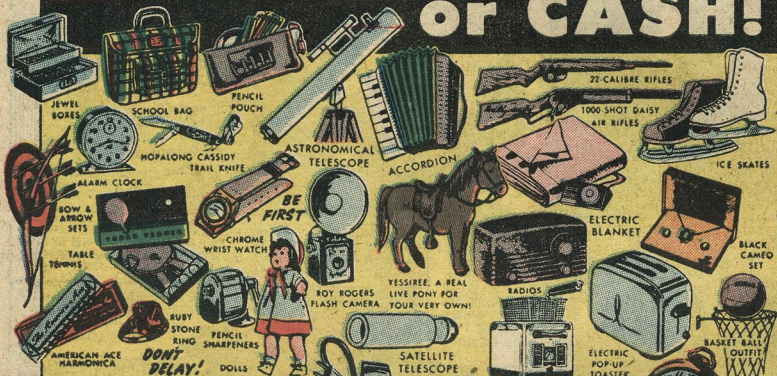


AND IT MAY BE MY PLEASURE TO SHOOT YOU TWO RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES! YOU ARE VERY FOOLISH!



BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

GIVEN! GIVEN! YES, WE GIVE YOU PREMIUMS or CASH!



YOURS FREE

SEND FOR this big, powerful

MAGIC MAGNIFIER

JUST MAIL COUPON!

THIS IS A TERRIFIC OFFER LOOK WHAT YOU GET

Yes — we'll send you the MAGIC MAGNIFIER absolutely FREE! Study insects, plant life, rocks, stamps, fingerprints, etc. Also — we'll send WHITE CLOVERINE Brand SALVE & Big Catalog showing dozens of wonderful premiums you can have. Cameras, Dolls, Rifles, Fishing Outfits, Radios, Watches, etc. (Sent postpaid). You simply offer WHITE CLOVERINE Brand SALVE — easily sold to friends, relatives and neighbors at 50c a Tube. Rush coupon to start.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE MAGNIFIER
BIG CATALOG and ORDER OF SALVE



MAIL COUPON — Magnifier Sent FREE!

Date.....
Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 99-9, Tyrone, Pa.
Gentlemen! Please send me on trial, 14 tubes of WHITE CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 50c a tube. I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start. Be sure to send my FREE MAGIC MAGNIFIER!

Name..... Age.....
St..... R.D..... Box.....
Town..... Zone..... State.....
PRINT LAST NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

WILSON CHEMICAL CO.
DEPT. 99-9, TYRONE, PA.

OVER
64
YEARS!

BATTLEFIELD ACTION

I THOUGHT I WAS IMAGINING THINGS -- I'D BEEN SURE HE COULDN'T SPEAK ENGLISH -- HE DID, THOUGH -- FLUENTLY...

YOU WOULD HAVE NO CHANCE TRYING TO ESCAPE THE WAY YOU PLANNED. WE HAVE PATROLS OUT EVERY NIGHT.

WHY ARE YOU TELLING US?
WHY NOT TURN US IN, GET IT OVER WITH?

I LIVED IN AMERICA FOR ELEVEN YEARS. I WAS NOT PERMITTED TO BECOME A CITIZEN BECAUSE I WAS BORN IN JAPAN. BUT I LIKED LIVING THERE.

I WOULD LIKE TO HELP YOU, EVEN THOUGH YOU CALLED ME A CREEP. I DO NOT WANT TO CONTINUE BEING A SOLDIER IN THE JAPANESE ARMY.

THE CREEP, HIS RIGHT NAME WAS YOSHU KARA-BUSHI. HELPED US PLAN THE ESCAPE. / FOUR NIGHTS LATER, YOSHU LED THE WAY...

WE DID MEET A PATROL -- A LONER...

HERE, IF WE ENCOUNTER A PATROL, USE THESE.

POW

BATTLEFIELD ACTION

I THINK I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, BUDDY! YOU DON'T LIKE SEEING ONE OF YOUR OWN OUTFIT GET HURT, DO YOU?

I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO SUFFER, SERGEANT! BUT IT WAS NECESSARY! LET US GO ON!



I DON'T KNOW HOW HE KNEW WHERE TO GO... BUT YOSHU TOOK US TO A GUERRILLA CAMP...

ARE YOU SURE THIS ISN'T A TRICK, SERGEANT? HE MIGHT LEAD OTHERS TO OUR CAMP!

HE ALREADY KNEW WHERE THE CAMP WAS, SIR! YOSHU'S OKAY -- HE LIVED IN LOS ANGELES FOR A WHILE AND WANTS TO GO BACK!

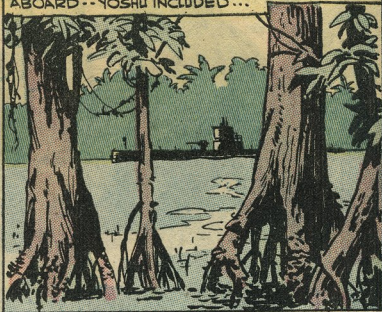


I KNOW I SHALL NEVER SEE AMERICA AGAIN, BUT I DON'T MIND SO MUCH!

YOU'LL GET THERE! IF ANY OF US MAKE IT, WE'LL DRAG YOU ALONG!

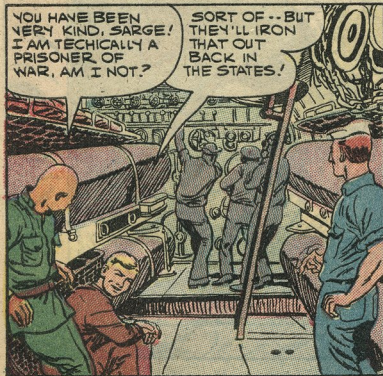


WE MADE IT! A SUBMARINE, WORKING WITH THE GUERRILLAS, CAME IN, AND WE WERE ORDERED ABOARD -- YOSHU INCLUDED ...



YOU HAVE BEEN VERY KIND, SARGE! I AM TECHNICALLY A PRISONER OF WAR, AM I NOT?

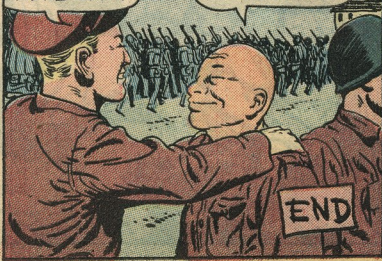
SORT OF -- BUT THEY'LL IRON THAT OUT BACK IN THE STATES!



THEY DID -- ABOUT A YEAR LATER, YOSHU WAS ONE OF THE FIRST MEN ACCEPTED IN THE NEWLY FORMED NISEI OUTFIT, THE 442ND BATTALION ...

SORRY I EVER CALLED YOU A CREEP, YOSHU! YOU'RE OKAY!

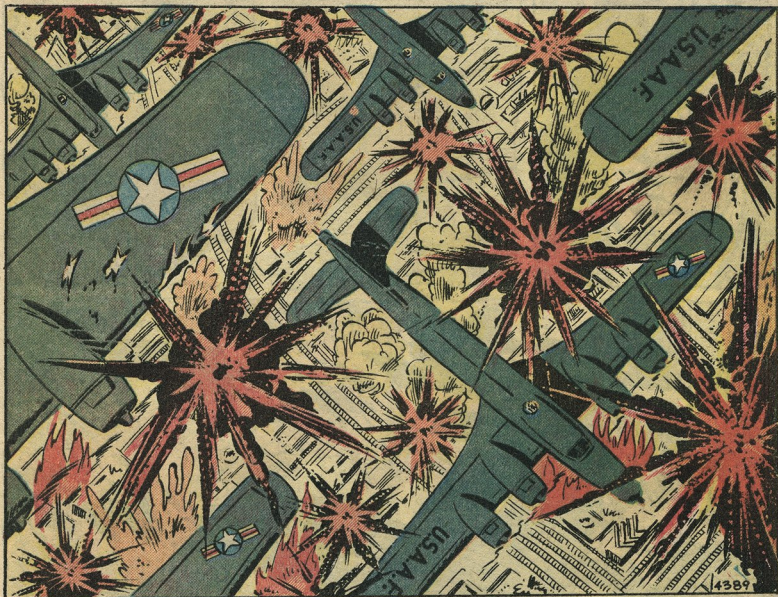
I FEEL BETTER NOW... I AM PROUD TO BE ON THE SIDE OF DEMOCRACY!



END

The INSPIRATION

THIS WAS FEB. 28, 1943... AND THERE SEEMED NO WAY FOR THE LUFTWAFFE TO STOP THE ENDLESS STREAM OF MASSES FLYING FORTRESSES FROM PINPOINTING STRATEGIC TARGETS IN THE HEART OF THE FATHERLAND!



THERE SEEMED NO WAY... UNTIL LT. HANS GRUBER, FIGHTER PILOT FOR THE FUHRER, CAME UP WITH HIS BRILLIANT INSPIRATION!

JAWOHL, HANS! IT IS A WUNDERBAHR IDEA...



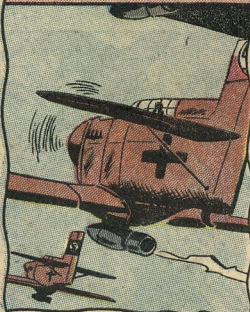
-- THE "HEAVY BABIES" ALWAYS FLY IN SUCH CLOSE FORMATION! TO BOMB THEM IN MID-AIR FROM ABOVE WOULD BE MOST PRACTICAL!



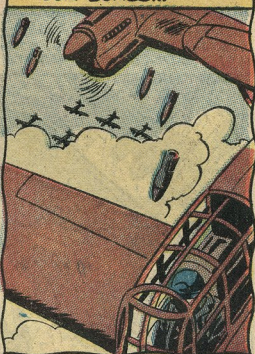
IT DOES ME GOOD THAT YOU AGREE! NOW LISTEN FURTHER I HAVE CALCULATED EVERYTHING! BOMB-LOADS, VELOCITIES, TRAJECTORIES -- EVERY-THING...



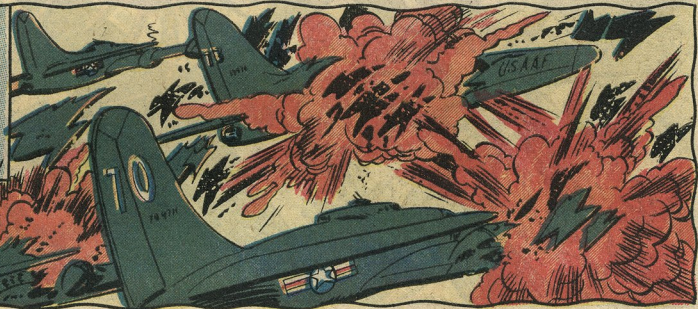
"...FOR THE MOST EFFECTIVE BOMBING PATTERN, OUR MESSERSCHMITTS, CARRYING EITHER FOUR 100 POUND BOMBS, OR A SINGLE 500 POUNDER WILL HAVE TO FLY IN A VERY TIGHT FORMATION!"



"FROM 3,000 FEET ABOVE THE ENEMY FORMATION WITH 15 SECOND TIME FUSES ATTACHED TO OUR BOMBS..."



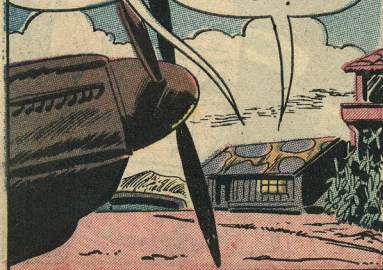
"WE SHALL GIVE THE 'HEAVY BABIES' A TASTE OF THEIR OWN BITTER MEDICINE!"



WHEN LT. GRUBER SUBMITTED HIS PLAN TO HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER:

BRILLIANT, HANS! MOST BRILLIANT!

THEN YOU WILL SEE THAT WE GET THE PRACTICE BOMBS, SIR?



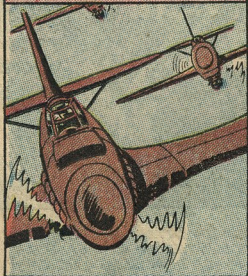
...AND WE NEED RELEASE MECHANISMS AND BOMB DOLLIES! ALSO THE USE OF A TARGET-TOWER FOR BOMBING PRACTICE!

EVERYTHING THAT YOU REQUIRE, WILL BE AT YOUR DISPOSAL, HANS! ONLY A TRAITOR WOULD STAND IN THE WAY OF AN INSPIRATION THAT MIGHT WELL SAVE OUR VATERLAND!

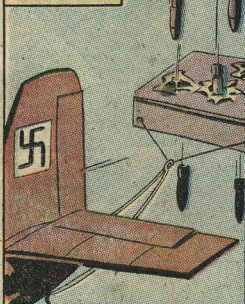


BATTLEFIELD ACTION

THEN CAME THE PRACTICE SESSIONS... THE CLOSE FORMATION FLYING THAT THE MESSERSCHMITT PILOTS, AS FIGHTERS, WERE UNUSED TO!

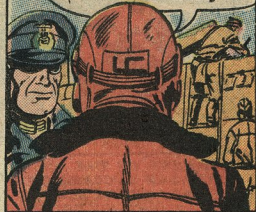


AND THE DROPPING OF THE PRACTICE BOMBS ON THE DROGUE TARGET TOWED BY A JU88!



EVERYTHING IS PROCEEDING SATISFACTORILY, HANS?

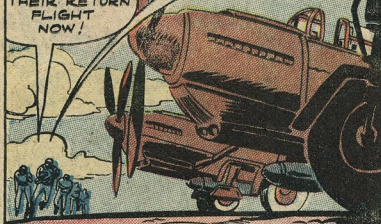
MOST SATISFACTORILY, HERR KOLONEL! THE LIVE BOMBS HAVE ARRIVED... AND NOW THE MECHANICS ARE PRACTICING BOMBING-UP OUR FIGHTERS AT TOP SPEED!



MARCH, 1943... LT. HANS GRUBER AND HIS BRILLIANT INSPIRATION WERE READY TO GO INTO ACTION AT LAST!

A FORMATION OF FORTRESSES HAS JUST BOMBED WILHELMSHAVEN! THEY ARE ON THEIR RETURN FLIGHT NOW!

THEY ARE IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE FIRST, EH, HANS?



THE MESSERSCHMITTS CLIMBED SLOWLY, THEIR MOTORS RASPING AS THEY STRUGGLED TO BEAR THEIR 500 POUND BOMBS ALOFT TO THE REQUIRED ELEVATION!

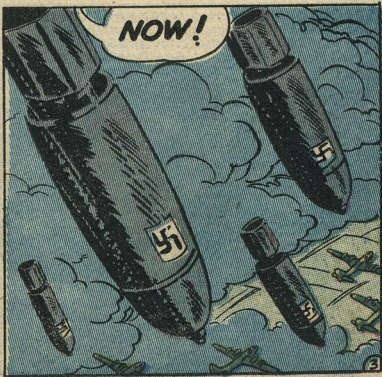


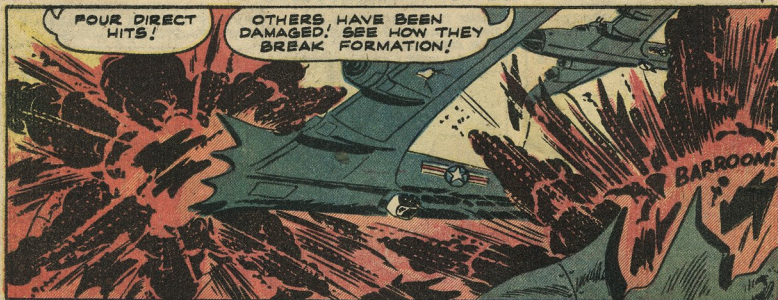
AT 30,000 FEET OVER HELIGOLAND...

AMERIKANER BELOW! PREPARE TO RELEASE BOMBS AT MY SIGNAL!



NOW!





FOUR DIRECT
HITS!

OTHERS HAVE BEEN
DAMAGED! SEE HOW THEY
BREAK FORMATION!

BARROOM!



THE NEWS OF THE
INCREDIBLE SUCCESS OF
THE FIRST MID-AIR BOMBING
SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE!

LT. GRUBER I WANT
PERSONALLY TO EXPRESS
TO YOU MY APPRECIATION!



WHAT IS WRONG, HANS?
AFTER PRAISE FROM THE
REICHSMARSHAL HIMSELF,
WHY SHOULD YOU BE SO
GLOOMY!

BECAUSE THE REAL
TEST HAS NOT COME
YET! WHEN THE
FORTRESSES COME
UP WITH THEIR
COUNTER TACTIC...
THAT WILL BE
THE REAL TEST!

THE FORTRESSES TRIED
COUNTERING BY MEANS OF
EVASIVE ACTION, A SORT
OF WEAVING FLIGHT, LIKE A
GROUP OF BROKEN FIELD
RUNNERS...

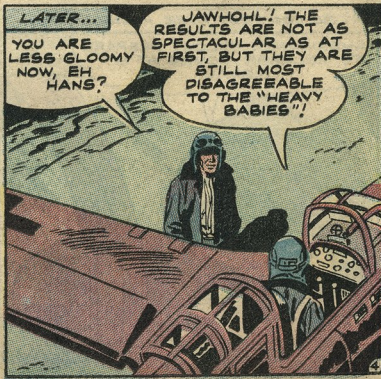


BARROOM!



...THAT BROUGHT THE MESSERSCHMITT
KILL-RATIO DOWN, BUT SIMULTANEOUSLY
REDUCED THE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE
FORTRESSES OWN BOMBING PATTERN!

BARROOM!



LATER...

YOU ARE
LESS GLOOMY
NOW, EH
HANS?

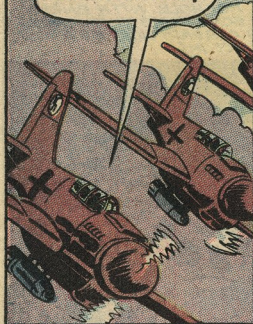
JAWHOHL! THE
RESULTS ARE NOT AS
SPECTACULAR AS AT
FIRST, BUT THEY ARE
STILL MOST
DISAGREEABLE
TO THE "HEAVY
BABIES"!

BATTLEFIELD ACTION

77

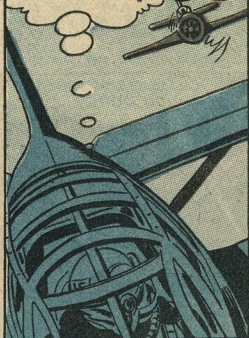
SEPTEMBER, 1943... LT. GRUBER AND HIS SQUADRON WERE IN POSITION AGAIN TO INTERCEPT A FORMATION OF FORTRESSES!

AMERIKANER!

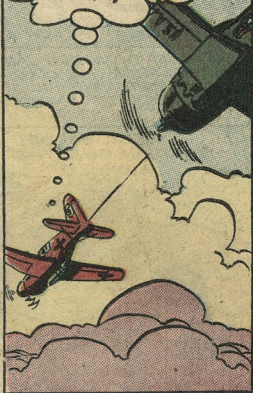


BUT JUST THEN, OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE...

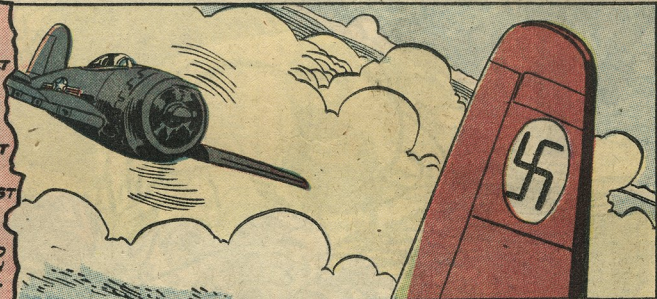
A PLANE ON MY TAIL! A TYPE I HAVE NEVER SEEN BEFORE!



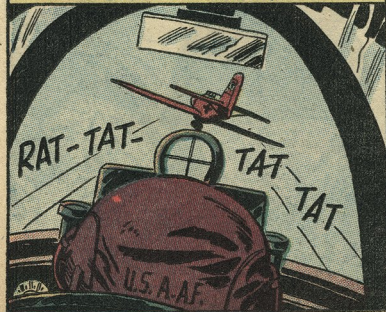
I CANNOT SHAKE HIM!



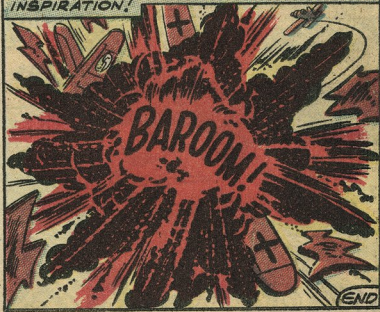
THIS WAS A REPUBLIC P-47, A THUNDERBOLT MAKING ITS FIRST APPEARANCE IN GERMAN SKIES! THE THUNDERBOLT THE SECOND COUNTER TACTIC AGAINST MID-AIR BOMBING, WITH SO MUCH SPEED AND SO MUCH FIREPOWER...



...THAT THE MESSERS, MADE CUMBERSOME AND SLOW BY THEIR BOMBLOADS, NEVER STOOD A CHANCE!



NOT EVEN THE MESSER FLOWN BY LT. HANS GRUBER WHO HAD COME UP NOT SO LONG AGO WITH SUCH A BRILLIANT INSPIRATION!



END

BATTLEFIELD ACTION

THE CHOWHOUND

YOU DON'T THINK YOU CAN TAKE IT FOR ANOTHER DAY... ANOTHER HOUR! YOU'RE NUMBED FROM THE COLD, PARALYZED FROM LYING IN A FOXHOLE WITH ENEMY MORTARS PINNING YOU DOWN FOR HOURS. THEN YOU SEE SOMETHING THAT MAKES YOU FORGET YOUR OWN TROUBLES... YOU SEE A DOG... A DOG ALREADY HURT BY A WAR HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND OR HAVE A PART IN!



ABLE COMPANY HAD BEEN PINNED DOWN FOR TWO DAYS—WE HADN'T DONE A THING ABOUT THE COMMIES OUT IN FRONT UNTIL I WENT AFTER THE MUTT!



WATCH IT, HARRY!
THEY'RE GONNA CHARGE!



**BOYS • GIRLS
MEN • WOMEN**

Boy and Girl Scouts
Camp Fire Girls - News Boys!

PRIZES GIVEN

MAKE MONEY, TOO!

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page ... or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, air-rifles, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, model air-planes, scout equipment, movie machines, record players, and many others ... all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35c ... sell on sight. You can make big cash commissions or get many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Other prizes for selling 2 sets or more. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you Free.

SEND NO MONEY—We Trust You!

ELECTRONIC TWO-WAY WALKIE-TALKIE

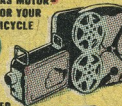


WRIST WATCH FOR
BOYS AND GIRLS

TABLE TENNIS SET



GAS MOTOR
FOR YOUR
BICYCLE



SPORTS EQUIPMENT



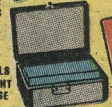
ROLLER
SKATES



GIRLS
OVERNIGHT
CASE



INDIAN
MOCCASIN
SET



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PRIZE
CATALOG**

**FREE MEMBERSHIP in
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PORTABLE
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ROY
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OR DALE
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RED RYDER CARBINE



ALL KINDS OF
HOUSEWARES



POPOP
TOASTER

BOYS' OR GIRLS'
BICYCLE



SCOUTING
EQUIPMENT



1 TUBE
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BROWNIE
MOVIE CAMERA
PROJECTOR
SCREEN



JET PLANE
WITH GAS
ENGINE



SEWING MACHINE



RADIO



WALKING
DOLL



WOODBURNING
SET



CHEMISTRY
SET



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Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship At Once Prepaid your first set of 24 Mottos on trust. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$3.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY, send \$6.00 and keep \$2.40. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big Prize Catalog Free.

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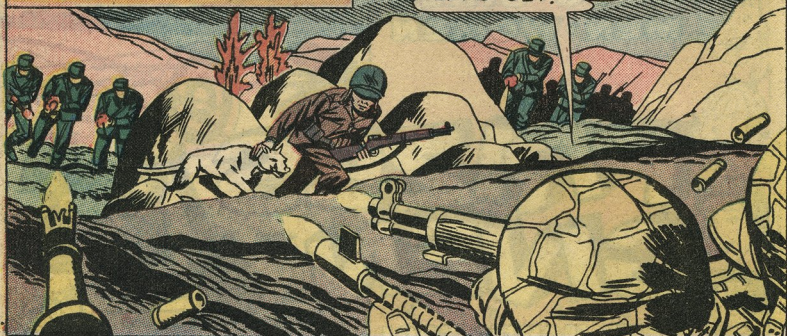
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BATTLEFIELD ACTION

THE COMMIES SENT A PLATOON OUT—
SUDDENLY THE DOG WAS IMPORTANT!

COME ON! GET THE
LEAD OUT!



WE'D BEEN GETTING WORSE EVERY DAY—
THE WEATHER AND RED MORTARS HAD
RUINED MY OUTFIT UNTIL THE DOG SHOWED
UP! BUT HE CHANGED ALL THAT...

HE'S GOT A FLESH
WOUND IN THE LEG
BUT HE'LL BE OKAY!

LOOK—HE'S
SURE HUNGRY!



WHAT'S HIS NAME,
HARRY? HE'S
YOUR DOG NOW!

CALL 'IM CHOWHOUND!
WATCH 'IM, HARRY,
OR HE'LL EAT THE
HELMET TOO!



BATTLEFIELD ACTION

EVERY G.I. IN THE COMPANY LIKED THE DOG... ESPECIALLY WHEN HE RUINED A GOOD PAIR OF LT. BRAGG'S PANTS!

GET RID OF THAT MUTT, MANSON! THAT'S AN ORDER!

YES, SIR! I'LL CHASE HIM RIGHT NOW, SIR!



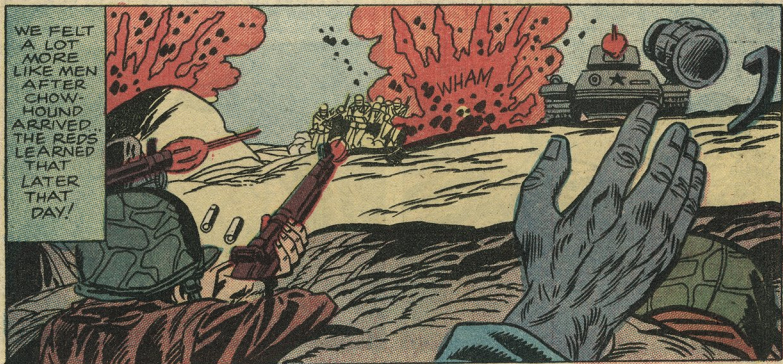
I CHASED HIM ALL RIGHT... I HAD PLENTY OF WITNESSES WHO SAW ME TRY!

G'WAN, CHOWHOUND, BEAT IT! LOOKS LIKE HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND ENGLISH, SARGE!

HE UNDERSTANDS THAT T-BONE A LOT BETTER, HARRY!

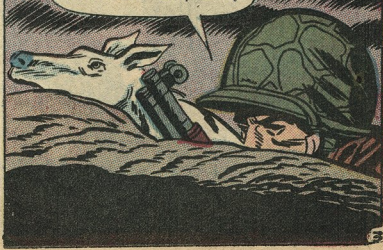


WE FELT A LOT MORE LIKE MEN AFTER CHOWHOUND ARRIVED. THE REDS LEARNED THAT LATER THAT DAY!



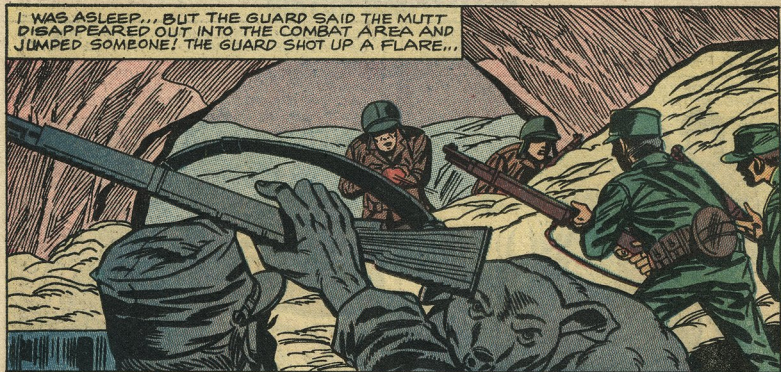
YEP, WE WERE A DIFFERENT OUTFIT BUT WE DIDN'T KNOW HOW USEFUL THE DOG REALLY WAS UNTIL THAT NIGHT! CHOWHOUND STAYED WITH THE GUARD IN THE HOLE OUT FRONT...

I DON'T HEAR A THING, CHOWHOUND-- GO GET 'EM, BOY!



BATTLEFIELD ACTION

I WAS ASLEEP... BUT THE GUARD SAID THE MUTT DISAPPEARED OUT INTO THE COMBAT AREA AND JUMPED SOMEONE! THE GUARD SHOT UP A FLARE...



CAPTAIN RANKIN LEARNED ABOUT CHOWHOUND THEN...HE WAS ALL SET TO MAKE FRIENDS BUT...

C'MERE, CHOWHOUND! HEY, HE'S VICIOUS!

NO, SIR, HE'S REAL GENTLE! HE JUST DOESN'T LIKE OFFICERS!



GET RID OF HIM— SEND HIM BACK TO THE REAR AREA!

BUT, SIR, HE'S... YES, SIR!

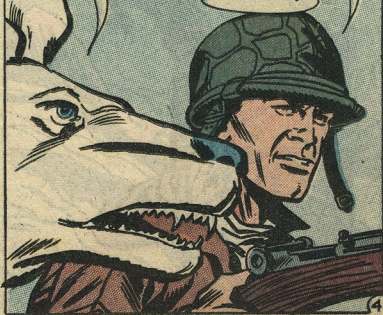


YOU KNOW HOW FAR YOU GET ARGUING WITH AN OFFICER! I DIDN'T TRY... BUT I DIDN'T GET RID OF CHOWHOUND EITHER! HE HUNG AROUND WITH US FOR THE NEXT EIGHT DAYS...

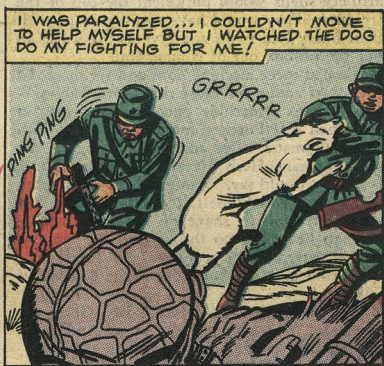
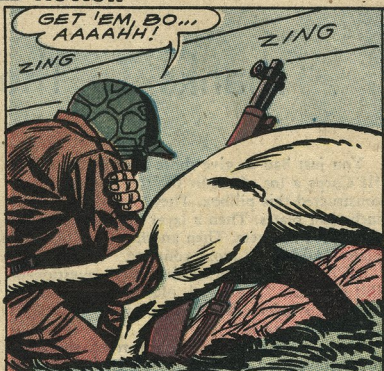


GRRRR...

SOMETHIN'S UP, GANG! CHOWHOUND SAYS WE GOT COMPANY COMIN'!



BATTLEFIELD ACTION



Thanks To The Tank Trapper

You just had to give those boys in the ROK III Corps a lot of credit for the way they had constructed this pillbox. They started with four inch steel plates. Then a layer of five inches of reinforced concrete. Then another layer of steel plates. Add some more concrete.

"What's so wonderful about it?" questioned Bill Kephart. "The idea is old. My mother used to make a layer cake. So that's how they built this little fortress."

That's what it was. A little fortress covering the highway to Chaun-ni. Even a direct hit with artillery shells would only dent the top of the structure. They would have to overrun us with their heavy Red tanks and give us the works to put the pillbox out of commission.

We had three machine guns and six thousand rounds of ammo for those three little babies — two men to a machine gun. So that began at six. Then Jeff Purcher and Henry Wight with their automatic rifles added up to eight. Myself, Sergeant Herb Hoyer was in command. Nine you would say. Wrong! There was a tenth one — the Kid himself. I don't think he had really anything to shave on his smooth skin. Though he would go through all the motions of hot water, soap, razor, towel and tonic.

"Now I look o.k. for a date," the Kid would tell us.

"But what's the difference," Lou Gerry announced. "You look just the same. And not a girl around for about two hundred miles."

There we were, the ten of us in that pillbox. We knew that reinforcements for South Korea were on their way from the States. Then General Van Fleet would be able to take the offensive again. But time was needed to halt the North Korean People's Army and their so-called volunteers from China. Look, no matter how you try to cover it, a Red is a Red. We knew just who the enemy was. Those tanks came all the way from Red Russia.

So here we were in that pillbox. We would fight until the last bullet had been expended. Then in back of us was a mine field. We could make our way back — if we were still alive and able to move. Nine of us — and the Kid. Funny about him. He had insisted that he be permitted to stay with us.

"Nix, Kid," I told him. "Go back and live for another day of fighting. Don't be dramatic about it."

But he refused to take NO for an answer. So he went to Colonel Nicholson and my commanding officer sent for me.

"You know why the Kid wants to stay with you," he began. Then he stopped. He realized he was calling the youngster by the nickname we all had given him. "Private Howard Cameron, I mean. He thinks there is something to his idea and maybe it isn't so crazy at that. He has lugged that special rifle all over Korea. We have incendiary bullets for his gun. What have we to lose?"

"The Kid," I pointed out. "Let him go back with the rest of the boys. If the Reds bring in those new heavy tanks, we haven't got a chance."

"But if Private Howard Cameron's idea did work," snapped back the Colonel, "We might really throw a scare into the Reds. They could figure we have some kind of a new tank stopping device and they would halt with their tanks. We are buying Time, Sergeant, and just now it is the matter of the most vital importance. It's the difference between victory and defeat and we can't accept defeat."

So that's how the Kid came to be in the pillbox with us. His idea? Let me tell it to you because that's all I ever heard from him. HIS idea!

"You take a Springfield and tighten it up. Then you use these special sights. You have a complete construction diagram of an enemy tank, for every tank has certain vital weak spots. There's the porthole through which the driver keeps an eye on the road, and the portholes through which the machine guns and cannons face you. Now if you could put an incendiary bullet into a cannon when it is loaded — Boom! Or into an open space leading inside the tank — more — Boom!"

The Kid was a top shot and had won a lot of medals back home. They had even wanted to make him a rifle instructor but he wanted to see fighting. He would try to get people to listen to his idea. Some did but it went in one ear and came out of the other ear. Maybe it sounded foolish. I think it sounded so simple that you were sure there had to be a trick to it.

Now we were all in that pillbox. We had eaten a light breakfast. We had to conserve our food and water supplies. Jeff Purcher had eyes glued to the pair of field glasses the Colonel had given him. I watched the expression on his face change.

"Those little dots are tanks and they are being followed by a lot of foot soldiers. Tanks are moving slowly. In half an hour they will be within range."

The Kid had rigged up a sort of tripod arrangement for his Springfield. He made several adjustments on that sighting affair of his. Then he plunked himself down and waited but not for long. Because soon they were coming along the Chaun-ni highway. We let the first six tanks pass. Then those machine guns began to chatter their staccato message of destruction.

The foot soldiers ran back — those who were still alive, I mean. The front tanks stopped and turned around. The Kid took careful aim. He squeezed that trigger slowly. Then we saw it. Number 2 Red Tank started to burst into flames.

"It works, Kid, it really works," shouted Henry Wight.

Three of those tanks began to open up on us with their artillery shells. The Kid again took careful aim and squeezed the trigger of his Springfield. This time there was a terrible explosion in Number 4 Red Tank. That incendiary must have hit a shell in their big gun. The other remaining Red Tanks just turned around and retreated. Jeff Purcher went for his field glasses and watched them.

"There's about a hundred more tanks way back," he informed us. "They have radio contact we can figure. So the tanks that ran away must have told the others something. But what?"

Then they tried an assault with about one thousand screaming soldiers who were determined to overwhelm us by the sheer weight of numbers. That failed and our ammo started to run low. There was relative quiet as the sun began to set. Then I realized what they planned to do.

"They will wait until it is dark and crush this pillbox with their heavy tanks. We haven't got a chance," I told my men. "We will set a time fuse and blow it up. Follow me through the mine field. At least we have gained time for our side."

Half an hour later we crawled out of the pillbox for about three hundred yards. Then we went downhill and carefully my men followed me through the mine field. It took about two

hours to get into the clear. We sat down for a rest.

"Where's the Kid?" asked Henry Wight.

As though in answer to his question we heard a series of dull explosions. Something was happening on "the other side." But we couldn't see. For the moment we didn't even care.

"I'll go back and get the Kid," said Lou Gerry.

That was exactly what everyone of us was about to say. But he just said it first. There were more explosions. We waited and Lou Gerry got my o.k. to try to find the Kid.

"Spend three hours and that's the limit," I told him: "If you can't find the Kid, come back alone."

Those hours seemed like years. But Lou Gerry returned with the Kid. And it was some story.

"Like sitting ducks," explained the Kid. "I got a night attachment for my scope. The Reds were trying to get some rest. So they opened the hatches of their Tanks. I got to a high elevation and didn't miss once. Fifteen times I fired and got my tanks. I think they are through."

He was right. It took us a week to get back to field base. I made my report to the Colonel. He sent out an observation group and they found those burned out tanks. The rest had simply turned around and headed back to North Korea for safety.

"The Kid's a Tank Trapper," I told the Colonel.

He smiled and I knew he had something up his sleeve. Of course they gave the Kid a lot of medals and a promotion. But on that day the Kid was still trying to shave.

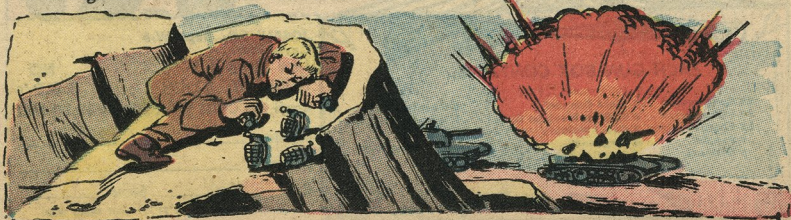
"Maybe I ought to shoot off the hairs on your face," I suggested.

"Not a bad idea," he grinned.

It was a nice ceremony. They pinned a lot of medals on his uniform. But one was something new. It came from the President of the Republic of Korea. It was made of solid gold and with a Korean inscription which when translated into English read:

"Thanks To The Tank Trapper."

— THE END —



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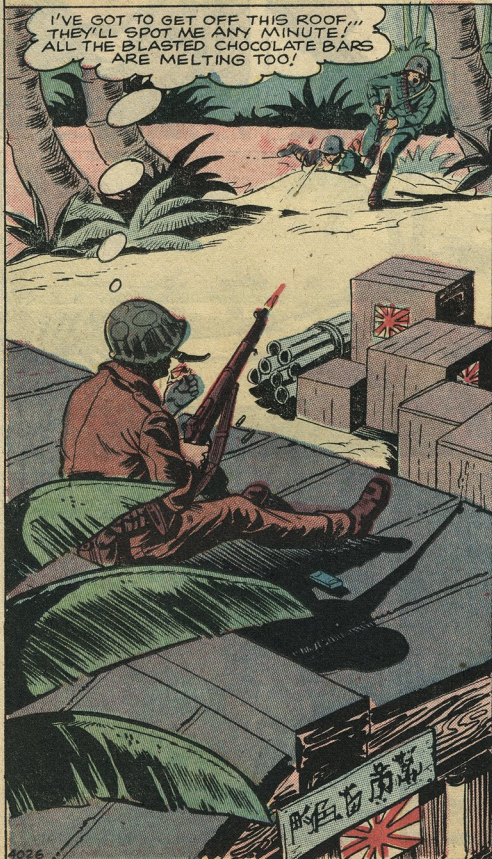
THE

CHOCOLATE

BAR
KID

CPL. WAYNE RODMAN WAS TALL AND LEAN...AND AN EXPERT MARKSMAN WITH ANY WEAPON IN THE MARINE ARSENAL. HE KNEW A LOT ABOUT JAPANESE ARMS TOO...HE HAD TO! ARMED WITH AN M1, PLenty OF GRENADES, AND A BOX OF CHOCOLATE BARS, RODMAN COULD DISAPPEAR BEHIND THE JAP LINES AND STAY FOR A MONTH!

"I'VE GOT TO GET OFF THIS ROOF,"
THEY'LL SPOT ME ANY MINUTE!
ALL THE BLASTED CHOCOLATE BARS
ARE MELTING TOO!



侵略進め!



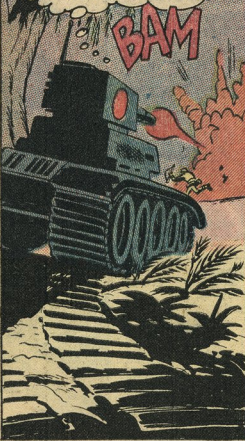
BATTLEFIELD ACTION





THE CHOCOLATE BAR KID HAD NO WISH TO BE A DEAD HERO ...HE FADED BACK...

I'VE GOT TO TELL THE SKIPPER! HE CAN GET PLANES OVER HERE BY DAWN! THERE ARE A FEW PLANES AT HENDERSON FIELD!



GET SET, JOE-- THEY'RE PULLIN' ANOTHER TRICK!



THEY'RE LANDING RIGHT HERE, NEAR THIS POINT, SIR!

YOU'LL SHOW THE FLY BOYS WHERE THEY ARE, RODMAN! NICE WORK -- GRAB SOME CHOW!

BATTLEFIELD ACTION

CPL. RODMAN WAS TAKEN TO HENDERSON FIELD...THERE HE WAS BRIEFED BY A B25 PILOT...

HERE'S THE SPOT, SIR!

YOU'LL SHOW ME FROM THE AIR, CORPORAL! THE GUNNER WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO FIRE THE GUNS IN CASE WE MEET ANY JAP PLANES!



THERE'S A LOT OF JAPS DOWN THERE! WE COULD USE A LOT MORE PLANES, SIR!



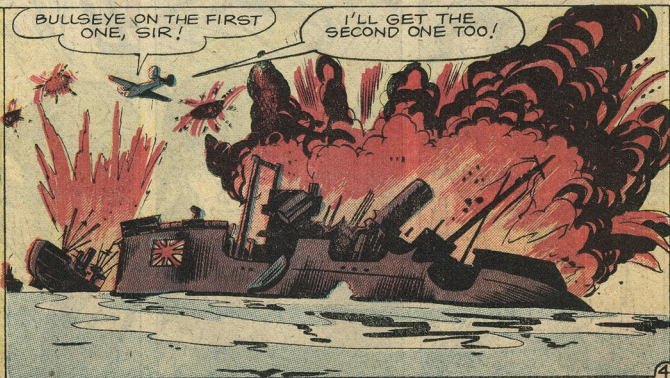
WE DON'T HAVE THEM, MARINE, WE'VE GOT TO DO THE JOB ALL BY OURSELVES!



THE LOADED B25, FLYING AT TREE-TOP HEIGHT, FOUND THE JAP TRANSPORTS ANCHORED CLOSE INSHORE IN A HIDDEN COVE! BOTH BIG BOMBS WENT HOME!

BULLSEYE ON THE FIRST ONE, SIR!

I'LL GET THE SECOND ONE TOO!



BATTLEFIELD ACTION

THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE CRIPPLED THE B25
--AND THEY BOTH HIT THE SILK!



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE--THERE'S
PLENTY OF NIPS HEADED OUR WAY
RIGHT NOW!



HEAD THE OTHER WAY, SIR!
THEY'LL BE LAYIN' FOR US
IF WE GO TOWARD OUR
LINES!



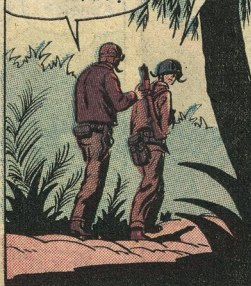
WE MAY AS
WELL GIVE UP
--WE DON'T
EVEN HAVE
FOOD!

QUIT
WORRYIN'
--I'VE
GOT
PLENTY
OF
CHOCOLATE
BARS!

CPL. RODMAN TOOK HIS
TIME GETTING BACK...
HE AND THE PILOT LIVED
ON CHOCOLATE BARS...

I'M STARVED,
I DON'T SEE
HOW YOU
LIVE ON
JUST
CHOCOLATE!

WE'RE
ALMOST
HOME,
SIR!



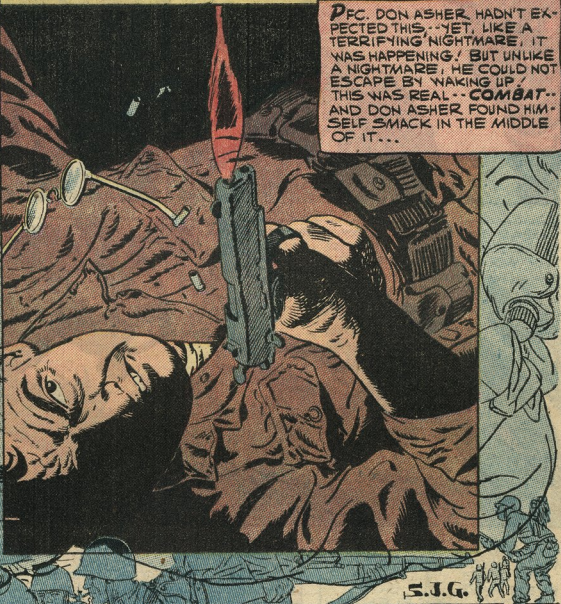
LATER...

NICE WORK,
BOTH OF YOU!
WE FOUND
WHAT WAS
LEFT OF THE
JAP LANDING
PARTY AND
FINISHED THE
JOB! YOU O.K.,
LIEUTENANT?

YES, SIR!
BUT I WANT
A SQUARE
MEAL!
RODMAN'LL
WANT SOME
MORE
CHOCOLATE,
I SUPPOSE!
I NEVER
WANT TO
EAT THAT
STUFF AGAIN!



CLERK IN COMBAT



PFC. DON ASHER HADN'T EXPECTED THIS...YET, LIKE A TERRIFYING NIGHTMARE, IT WAS HAPPENING! BUT UNLIKE A NIGHTMARE, HE COULD NOT ESCAPE BY WAKING UP! THIS WAS REAL...**COMBAT**... AND DON ASHER FOUND HIMSELF SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF IT...

3915

PFC. ASHER WASN'T THE HERO TYPE -- HE'D ALWAYS WORN GLASSES, AND HIS MOTHER OFTEN REFERRED TO HER ONLY SON AS BEING ON THE "DELICATE" SIDE...

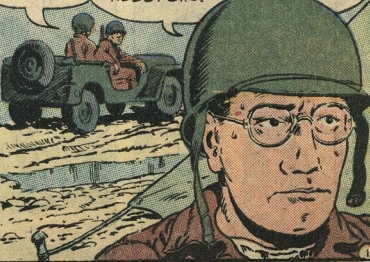
GRAB A TYPEWRITER, ASHER! I'VE GOT A LOAD OF PAPERWORK AND WE'LL BE IN THE LINE FOR ANOTHER TWO WEEKS!



YES, SIR! BUT, I...

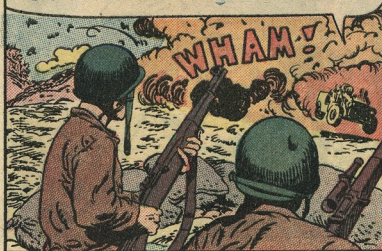
ASHER STOPPED! HE'D BEEN ABOUT TO REMIND THE CAPTAIN THAT HE WASN'T CLASSIFIED FOR COMBAT, THAT HE WAS TAGGED FOR LIMITED DUTY! THE CAPTAIN WAITED...

WELL, ASHER? I...I'LL GET A PORTABLE TYPEWRITER AND THE FORMS I'LL NEED, SIR!



ASHER WASN'T ASKED TO WORK IN A FOXHOLE, THE COMPANY COMMAND POST WAS A SHALLOW DEPRESSION IN THE GROUND. THE REDS WERE LESS THAN A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY...

I WOULDN'T DRAG YOU UP HERE, ASHER, BUT THIS PAPER WORK MUST BE DONE -- AND I CAN'T KEEP AWAY FROM MY MEN!



HERE, ASHER! TAKE THIS AND FIND A FOXHOLE! YOU'LL FEEL BETTER WITH A GUN IN YOUR HANDS!

TH-THANKS, SARGE!



THEY SAID I WOULDN'T HAVE TO DO THIS! IT'S NOT MY FAULT I'M THE WAY I AM! MOM ALWAYS SAID TO BE CAREFUL, NEVER FIGHT!



IGNORING THE MORTAR FIRE AND THE OCCASIONAL RED PATROLS, CAPTAIN MANEY WORKED WITH ASHER UNTIL DARK...

HOW WILL I GET BACK, CAPTAIN? I'VE ALREADY MISSED CHON!

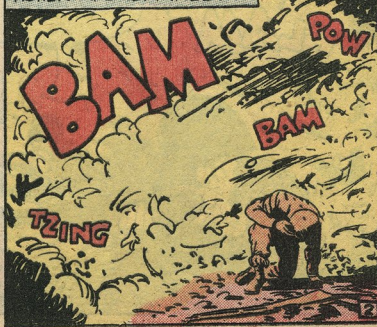
EAT UP HERE! FOOD CARRIERS START TO WORK AFTER DARK! YOU CAN SLEEP HERE IN THE CP TOO! WE'VE GOT MORE WORK TO DO!



ASHER NUMBLY FOUND A FOXHOLE! HE TOOK THE RIFLE BUT HE WAS TOO SHAKY TO HOLD IT...



AS NIGHT CAME ON, THE COMMIES BLASTED THE COMMAND POST WITH RENewed VIGOR, ASHER WAS TERRIFIED...



BATTLEFIELD ACTION

SUDDENLY, PFC. ASHER HEARD A TERRIFYING SCREECH CUT THROUGH THE ROAR OF THE GUNS, THEN THE COMMIES CHARGED...

GET YOUR HEAD DOWN, ASHER! LOCK AND LOAD!



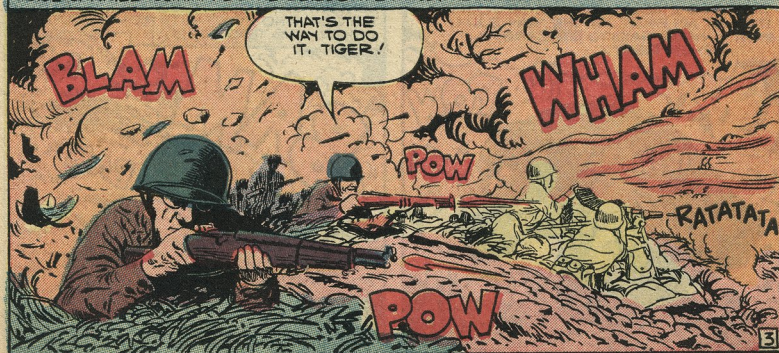
I'M A CLERK, NOT A COMBAT INFANTRYMAN! I SHOULDN'T BE HERE...



GRAB HOLD OF THAT RIFLE, ASHER, AN' FIGHT! I CAN'T PROTECT YOU ALL NIGHT.



ASHER'S GLASSES WERE MUDDY, HE COULDN'T SEE CLEARLY, BUT THE SERGEANT'S RASPING VOICE CARRIED COMMAND. HE SEIZED THE RIFLE, LEVERED A SHELL INTO PLACE, AND...



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BATTLEFIELD ACTION

THE REDS CHARGED AGAIN -- ASHER, STILL QUINERING, FIRED UNTIL HIS RIFLE WAS TOO HOT TO HANDLE! THEN, THEY STOPPED COMING, AND FOR ASHER, REACTION SET IN...



YOU DID FINE, BOY! WE'RE ALL SCARED UP HERE -- YOU GET SO YOU CAN DO YOUR JOB DESPITE THE FEAR AFTER ANNHILE!

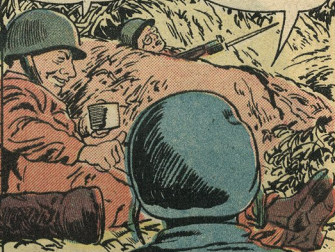
I'M NOT... THANKS, SARGE. I'LL BE OKAY.



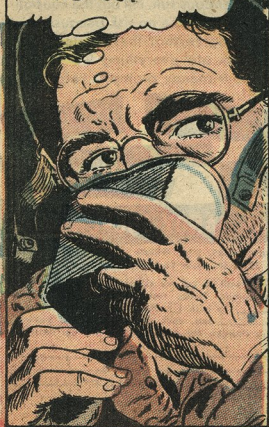
ASHER QUINERED AT FIRST EACH TIME A SHELL LANDED NEAR HIS FOXHOLE! BUT HE FINALLY FELL ASLEEP...

LOOK, SARGE! I THOUGHT HE'D BE A NERVOUS WRECK UP HERE IN COMBAT!

ASHER NERVOUS, SIR? HEY, TIGER, WAKE UP! COFFEE'S HERE!



IT WAS TERRIBLE -- BUT IT'S JUST AS BAD FOR THE OTHERS! THEY'RE NOT REALLY ANY DIFFERENT. THEY'RE AFRAID TOO!



HERE THEY COME... BILLIONS OF 'EM!



GRAB THE M1, KID! WE NEED EVERY GUN WE'VE GOT THIS TIME!



BATTLEFIELD ACTION

ASHER DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO THINK ABOUT FEAR! HE HEARD ROCKS CLATTER BEHIND HIM, THEN A THUD... AND HE SAW THE GRENADE...

THERE'S A RED BEHIND ME, AND THIS GRENADE'S ABOUT TO GO OFF.



THERE WAS NO TIME TO THINK... HE REACTED INSTINCTIVELY...

手榴彈



ASHER'S FEAR WAS FORGOTTEN! HE FOUGHT AS COOLY AS ANYONE...

THE CAPTAIN WANTS YOU, TIGER! HE'S GOT THE JEEP... HE'S TAKING YOU BACK TO YOUR OFFICE! YOU'RE OKAY, BUDDY. YOU CAN FIGHT ALONGSIDE ME ANYTIME!

THANKS, SERGEANT!

BLAM



WHAM



YOU'RE A TOUGH COOKY WHEN YOU PUT YOUR MIND TO IT, SOLDIER!

NOT REALLY, CAPTAIN! I JUST DID WHAT I HAD TO DO-- I HAD NO CHOICE.



Can You UNSCRAMBLE These States?

Join the fun! Everybody can win! Test your skill to qualify for a valuable prize. Just unscramble the names of four states and then mail us the answer. Everybody can win. Anyone can enter.

1. **NICILAFARO**
(FAMOUS FOR ORANGES)

2. **NAILAUOSI**
(FAMOUS FOR SUGAR)

3. **SANOMENTI**
(FAMOUS FOR LAKES)

4. **NAVINEPSALYN**
(FAMOUS FOR STEEL)

EXAMPLE:
DOLIFAR

ANSWER:
FLORIDA

We're running this special Unscramble test to get acquainted and find at least 116 families who would appreciate having their choice of such an amazing, real, live, Miniature Pet. Every

member of the family will have fun helping to unscramble the names of these four States.

Please
Give
Me a
Home

WIN

Your Choice NEW Live MINIATURE PET



Miniature MONKEY

Tiniest monkey for a pet. So tiny you can hold it in your hand . . . healthy and very intelligent.

Miniature

DOG (WORLD'S TINIEST KIND)

This lovable, young Miniature Dog is so tiny you can carry it in your pocket or hold it in one hand, yet it is a reliable watch dog as well as loyal and affectionate.

HURRY! HURRY!

Send your answer today. Winners notified promptly by mail. Don't delay!

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. X-578, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines 2, Iowa

Please enter my name for the Miniature Pet of my choice and send me the twenty coupons to hand out. Enclosed find snapshot or negative for enlarging.

NAMES OF STATES ARE:

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____

Color of Hair _____ Color of Eyes _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

This is our way of getting acquainted.

Everyone who has received such a wonderful Miniature Pet is simply "crazy" about it . . . wouldn't part with it for the world. I'll be happy to send you ENTIRELY AT MY EXPENSE your choice of this alert, young Miniature Dog or Miniature Monkey. Send in your entry today and simply hand out only twenty get-acquainted coupons to friends, relatives and neighbors to help us get that many new customers as per our premium letter. Your choice of the adorable Miniature Dog or Miniature Monkey is sent to you when the coupons are used. Send your answer today.

Please send me your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture when sending your 4 names of States to qualify for your Miniature Dog or Miniature Monkey. We will make you a beautiful 5 x 7 inch enlargement in a handsome "Movietone" frame. You can tell your friends about our bargain, hand-colored enlargements when you're handing out the get-acquainted coupons. Just mail me your favorite snapshot, print or negative NOW and pay the postman only forty-nine cents and a few cents for our c.o.d. service plus postage when your treasured enlargement arrives and I'll include the "Movietone" frame at no extra cost. Your original is returned with your enlargement and frame. Also include the COLOR OF HAIR AND EYES with your picture,

so I can also give you our bargain offer on a second enlargement artfully hand colored in oils for natural beauty, sparkle and life, like we have done for thousands of others.

I'm so anxious to send you a wonderful Miniature Dog or Miniature Monkey that I hope you send me your answer right away and also include your favorite snapshot. Mrs. Ruth Long, Gift Manager.

DEAN STUDIOS (OUR 20TH YEAR)

Dept. X-578, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines 2, Iowa



Any Photograph or Kodak Picture Copied

25 BILLFOLD (WALLET SIZE) PHOTOS \$1

SENT ON APPROVAL. First order, special get-acquainted bargain. Send favorite snapshot, or photo with adv. for 25 new, deckle edge photos, 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 in. size on double weight, silk finish, portrait paper. The rage for exchanging with friends, enclosing with letters or greeting cards. Used by job seekers, students, actors, parents. Original returned. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman on arrival and a few cents for our c.o.d. service plus postage or enclose payment and we prepay. 4 day service. Satisfaction and quality guaranteed.

OFFER LIMITED
SEND TODAY

MOVYLAND STUDIOS

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My name is Charles Atlas. Of course, I can't promise that you'll win the title of "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," as I did. But I *do* say that I believe I can make a mighty powerful He-Man out of you — in a very short time. In fact, you can prove it to yourself in 7 days. At my risk, of course. And I have good reason for believing I can do it. Because during the last 30 years I have turned many thousands of weaklings — fellows who were ashamed of their bodies — into beautifully-proportioned human dynamos of strength, energy, and tireless endurance . . . with the kind of muscular development that needn't take "back talk" from any one. My big free book will tell you how my secret of Dynamic Tension may be able to do such a job for *you*. Where shall I send your copy? There's not a bit of cost or obligation on your part. So mail the coupon now.



Where Shall I Send Your Copy of My Big FREE BOOK?

Mail the coupon now for your FREE copy of my valuable 32-page book. Also check the kind of body you want right in the coupon. My book tells how you can get it *fast*. See how I can give you "Stand-Out" muscles *where* you want them; add inches to your chest and shoulders; make your legs and arms bulge with power. Read how "Dynamic Tension" can make you a new man — confident popular, successful. See pages of actual photos of men who have become "Atlas Champions" my way. Read the answers to vital questions about your health — your personality — your future — **WHAT I can do for you and HOW I do it.** Rush the coupon to me personally:

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3259
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



ARE YOU

Skinny and Run Down?

• Always Tired?

• Nervous

• Shy and Lacking in Confidence?

• Overweight and Short of Breath?

• Lacking in Vim and Vigor?

• Slow at Sports?

Do you Want to Gain Weight?

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You can win this strikingly handsome trophy, over 1½ ft. high!

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3259
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want: (Check as many as you like)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> More Weight—Solid in The Right Places | <input type="checkbox"/> Slimmer Waist and Hips |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Broader Chest and Shoulder | <input type="checkbox"/> More Powerful Leg Muscles |
| <input type="checkbox"/> More Powerful Arms and Grip | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Sleep, More Energy |

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man. 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way

Name _____ Age _____
(please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____



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"the talking bird"

Beautiful Parrakeet makes a lively pet. All birds are of finest quality from talking stock. Sent in a sturdy wire cage with instructions for teaching it to talk and do tricks. Safe delivery guaranteed.



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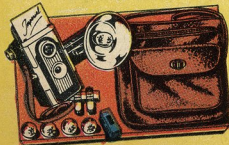


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CHEMCRAFT LAB
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energy book



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Buntline Special Gun



Complete Reflex CAMERA OUTFIT

**DAISY "EAGLE"
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with scope**



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It's Yours—So Easily
our choice of a wonderful
ing bird) or an

It's Yours—So Easily

Take your choice of a wonderful Parakeet (the talking bird) or any of these other prizes. They can be yours—quickly, easily. Many prizes shown here and dozens more in our Big Prize Book are given **WITH-OUT COST** for selling 30 XMAS **PACKS** at 35c each. Some of the larger prizes require more sales or extra money as explained in the Big Prize Book.

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It's easy to sell XMAS PACKS to
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25 PRIZES TO CHOOSE FROM!

Eastman Camera
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POOL TABLE SET

**Photo LOCKET SET**

ELVIS PRESLEY GUITAR
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BALLISTIC MISSILE ROCKET

Soars High in the Air



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Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of
30 XMAS PACKS. I will sell the packs at 35c each,
send you the money and choose my prize.

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Address _____

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Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of 30 XMAS PACKS. I will sell the packs at 35c each, send you the money and choose my prize.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ State _____